

something real—something *done*, not talked about or dreamt about, but *done*."

"Yes, I'll stay."

"Look here. Look at me. I've dreamed the dream, of course," and Dr Wren's hand shook as he filled his old pipe and let his coarse-cut tobacco tumble about upon the surgery floor. "Why, good Lord, I was full of it—stuffed up with it, when I had to choose—to renounce—to make the sacrifice. My father died—and it seemed my duty to come down here and go on with his practice—for the sake of my mother and my two sisters."

"You chucked everything for that?"

"Yes, and in two years my poor old mother was dead, and both my sisters were married—to men of means, and I sat here, left in the cart, eating out my heart because it had been a *useless* sacrifice. They could have done very well without me. There would have been enough for the two years if I had let the practice go to the devil."

"Rough luck!"

"By Jove, as I sat thinking about it, I thought there had been nothing like it since the Crucifixion. . . . Well, I don't even regret it now. I am a willing, contented martyr. I am surer of myself now than I ever should have been. I have learnt what dreams are and what facts are. If I had given my mother my ticket in a lottery that had a million subscribers—for her sake had renounced my chance of the grand prize—no one could have said I was insanely generous, could they? Well, that's all I gave her—my lottery ticket," and Dr Wren laughed, and brushed his hand across his eyes—to keep the smoke out of them.

"And I," said Stone, "will give old Burgoyne my lottery ticket," and he too laughed, and then blew his nose—because the smoke had tickled it.

In this manner young John Stone became a permanent member of the family at the Lodge.